VOLUME XIX.---NO. 6.



THE COTTON BLOOM COTTON GIN

the Stationary mention for straightening the fint and ocat-gibe sand and trash, is now attached to these Gins without extra charge.

The Saws of this Gin are securely fixed on the steel shaft with a serew and nut, so both tumbled down in a bunch and the

Historical River, Conn.
State is for prices, terms, &c., or call and examine stock on hand, and be convinced that we say, that our Gins, as now improved, stand FIRST IN THE LIST. Agents for the Best Cotton Presses in the Market,

SORGHUM MACHINERY. Cane Mills and Evaporators for 3ale. ENGINES, SAW MILLS, &C.

abber and Leather Belting, Packing, Lace Leather, &c.

SULLIVAN & BRO.

INDERSON CLOTHING STORE BROCK & MAULDIN.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS, BARGAINS.

TAYING STILL A LARGE STOCK ON HAND we will, during remainder

flothing, Shoes, Hats, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

elice of LADIES' CUSTOM-MADE SHOES, which we are SELLING AT

CALL EARLY AND SECURE A BARGAIN.

SPRING OF 1883.

M PREPARED FOR A ROUSING TRADE! I keep always on hand a

DRY AND FANCY COODS. SILKS, LACE CURTAINS, &c.

kit sales and small profits. I make a Specialty of Zeigler Bros. Fine Shoes.

Come one, come all, and examine my stock before buying elsewhere. No will to show Goods. Will compare prices with any house in the up country.

W. A. CHAPMAN, No. 3 Benson Street, Anderson, S. C.

WHAT IS THIS I HEAR?

CLARK & CO

Have the Best Goods for the Least Money! WEHAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE LINE OF-

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

Ated to the wants of all—Boys, Youths, Young Men and Old. Also, a very fine assent of UNDERWEAR—such as Shirts, Drawers, Collars and Cravats. Also, a substitute of WORSTED DIAGONALS, SUITINGS, CLOTHS and CASSIBLES, which we are prepared to make up in the very latest styles, and will spare no state in Gutting or Fitting, that we may thereby please those, who will favor us their patronage. Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

For Pay last year's account and save costs.

CLARK & CO. JOHN W. DANIELS, Proprietor.

A NEW AND STYLISH LOT PRING and SUMMER CLOTHING

J. P. Sullivan & Co.'s.

ALPACA COATS, LINEN COATS, ALPACA DUSTERS, LINEN DUSTERS, SUITS COMPLETE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

SHOES. LADIES' and MISSES SLIPPERS, OLD LADIES' LOW CUT, low heeled, broad bottom Shoes.

HE BEST SUCAR AND COFFEE Always on hand at the VERY LOWEST Cash prices.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO. 1y

FERTILIZERS FOR 1883!

All still selling the well-known brands of Fertilizers and Acid Phosphates, to wit :

Eutaw Fertilizer, Excellenza Fertilizer, Yemassee Fertilizer and Eutaw and Ashepoo Acid Phosphates. CALL AND SEE ME BEFORE BUYING.

ly Stock of General Merchandise is Complete! Such as suits the Wants of the people generally.

Peb 22, 1833

FLOUR, BACON, SUGAR, COFFEE, MOLASSES, &c. FULL STOCK OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES, BOOTF, HATS, CAPS, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, &c. Call at No 10 Granite Row.

W. F. BARR.

THE WINTER'S WOOD

Sets Bill Arp to Ruminating Tremendous-

Atlanta Constitution. Now is the time to get up the winter's wood. The crop is laid by and there is no pressure of farm work and so I took three of the colored tenants and went to the woods to clear a little piece of new ground, and I and the little chaps made another hand. I wanted them to pile up the big chips, but the little rascals found a high land tarrapin and it took 'em pretty much all the morning to investigate him and see how he shut up his doors and they would have to wait on him a half an hour to see him open and poke his head out of the front door and poke his head out of the syaning. and his tail out behind. In the evening they found an old stump about ten feet with a hole near the top and they had to investigate that, and Carl climb ed while Jessie pushed and just as he got up to the hole a couple of flying squir-rels came out and scared 'em so bad they e replaced at the gin-house.
onts for GULLETT STEEL BRUSH and LUMMUS squirrels sailed away to the foot of another tree and run up it and then sailed away again to an old beach that was fuil of holes, and the little chap hollered and whooped and throwd sticks and chunks amazin, and now they are begging me to cut down the old beach and have just a lot of fun and I reckon I will have it to do. Uncle Remus says that a tarrapin is a mighty slow traveler and I always thought he was, but Jack Henderson says that that depends on Low hungry he is. He says when he was a boy he saw a tarrapin take a running start and jump ten feet up a tree and catch a sap-sucker. Jack says we may believe it or not just as we please, and I was grateful to him for that privilege. I overheard one of the old darkies singing a little

ong to the children and he said : be frog he jump and he jump and he jump But de tarrapin hide behind de stump But de tarrapin hide behind de stump But de tarrapin hide his head in de groun But de tarrapin hide his head in de groun De squirrel make nest in de forked lim, But de tarrapin carry his house wid him.

I must get Uncle Remus after that nigger and have him investigated. May be he knows something about this sapsucker business and while these law makers are investigating the department

of agriculture I would like for them to investigate Henderson on that. Well we cut wood and cut wood and have got 30 cords piled up. Ash and hickory and white oak and beach all mixed up and we are going to have the biggest and hottest fires this winter you ever saw. I dont like to be stingy of wood, when company comes in of winter night and the cold wind is winter hight and the cold wind is a singing around I want the wood handy and dry and I can say, "Ralph, bring in another stick or two and make the folks set roun. I dont like for folks to have to crowd a fire. I want the fire to crowd them. The winter wood ought to be cut now for it seasons right and will not burn soggy and black. The winter's lightwood ought to be hauled in time and split up and put away under cover.
There is a power of comfort in plenty of
lightwood. The ash wood makes a
pretty fire and burns free, but the hickory lasts the longest and throws out the most heat. The beach burns to a white ash like flour and when you mix up oak with all these it is a luxury to see the glowing embers dancing to a white heat underneath and the children can pop their corn or roast their potatoes or the good wife can make a pot of coffee on the trivet and toast some light bread and broil a steak over the coals and we can prospect of good things that are soon to come. There are lots of comforts around an old fashioned fire in a farmer's home and so far as I am concerned I am content with 'em.

I cut down a big old white oak that was sorter like me, that is it was dying at the top and we sawed it up with a cross cut into blocks about a foot long and then split up the blocks with an ax and it made a big lot of stove wood and I'm going to haul it up and put it away for you see we run our own cooking business and if the wood is convenient business and if the wood is convenient and dry and the water brought to them from the spring, the girls dont mind getting up a respectable meal and they know how to do it. It they are gone away why Mrs. Arp can do it and if she happens to be puny why I can do it myself. Sometimes we turn loose Carl and Jessie and they are mighty proud when we praise their batter cakes and their coffee and their fried eggs and so forth. The truth is this cooking business forth. The truth is this cooking business dont bother common folks as much as getting something to cook, and that is just where the poor farmer has the advantage. He has got a home of his own and plenty of wood handy and a few hogs and chickens and a calf or two and maybe some sheep and he has got plenty of potatoes and there is no star-vation staring him in the face. His wife can boil some big lye hominy and season it with a little greese from the fried middling and if a prince ever had anything better I dont know what it is. Besides all this the boys bring in some squirrels and partridges and rabbits oc-

casionally which helps out the variety and varygates the monotony and makes the boys feel proud of their skill and success. Oh, there is nothing so honest and so simple and so free as a farmer's life. Nevertheless I do get lonesome sometimes and a little cross and Mrs. Arp finds it out before I do and gently are "William hallout you before the says "William, hadent you better take a little trip down to Atlanta or to Rome and see your old friends. I think it will belp you." And so I take the gentle hint and go and it does me good to meet

the friends of my youth and say: howdy Jack and howdy Jim and howdy all. There are the boys I went to school with and most always meet in Atlanta and I love 'em the stronger as the years pile up and there are lots of other friends of my better days whom I rejoice to meet and I wish we could all meet oftener and

brighten up the cares and the trials of life. Blessings on the old friends. May they all go down the hill with good britchings on and a sure break on the

A Vermont Cat's Sharp Trick.

Some time since the dogs of this vil-lage became accustomed to chase a cat, which, to escape them, ran under a barn. There was situated beneath that barn an old well in which was from one to four feet of water. There was an open space, so that the cat could go anywhere under the barn, but when a dog followed her under it, it being dark, she adopted the plan to run and jump directly over the well. The dog, not noticing it, would "land" in the water. This practice she pursued until she had jumped some half dozen dogs into the bottom of the well. Whether there was any design on her feet of water. There was an open space Whether there was any design on her part in this mode of procedure, or whether she was interested in the soap business carried on by the owner of the barn, no one but the cat knows. This may seem to be a joke, but the foregoing facts can be proved by several respectable witnesses.—Island Pond (V.) Her-

- Words are the voice of the heart.

UTILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

COLUMBIA, August 13 .- There are to lay 883 convicts under sentence to the Penitentiary, of which number 519 are employed in the yard and 364 outside. Of the latter 51 are working on the Greenwood, Laurens and Spartanburg Railroad, 66 on the Georgetown and Lane's Railroad, 147 at Pringle's phos-phate works, 74 at Cahill & Wise's (now Jervey's) phosphate works, 15 at Seeger's farm and 11 at the Penitentiary farm. Of the number confined in the Peniten-tiary an average number of 183 worked daily on the Columbia Canal in July,

and about 190 will work this month. In August the terms of 33 convicts expire. It occurred to me to day to examine the record of deaths which is kept at the Penitentiary. I found that since November 1st last, out of an average number of 820 convicts under sentence of im-prisonment, 26 had died. The number of deaths at the different locations were set down as follows: Penitentiary yard, 13; Georgetown and Lane's Railroad, 5; Cahill & Wise's Phosphate works, 6; Pringle's phosphate works, 1; Seegers's farm, 1. The physician's records show, however, that of those who died within the Penitentiary walls 4 had been received from the jails so ill as never to have been able to work, 3 returned ill from Cahill & Wise's camp, 2 from Pringle's camp, and 1 from the Georgetown and Lane's Railroad, leaving only 3 whose deaths resulted from disease contracted

in the Penitentiary. The following statement shows the average number of convicts employed at

A FLOURISHING FACTORY.

A shoe manufactory not affected by the recent Northern trade failures is that of Mr. A. C. Dibert, in the Penitentiary yard. Mr. Dibert over two years ago effected the first lease of convicts in South Carolina for manufacturing purposes, and the employment of his capital at the Penitentiary has been advantage-ous to that institution, the city and the convicts. To the first a constant income and good prices for convict labor is af-forded; to the second a business of considerable dimensions and some immigration has been given, and to the last light work and good treatment has been assured. The manufactory employs an average of 103 hands, and turns out daily 300 pair of shoes of all sorts, the gress value of which amounts to \$175,000 a year. Three branch stores selling exclusively the products of this manufactory have been established, one each in Columbia,

been established, one each in Columbia, Charleston and Augusta. They dispose of about two-fifths of the product. A branch will be opened in Atlanta this fall. The Charleston branch-house has been exceptionably successful.
About seventy-five pairs of hand-sewed shoes are made daily, and the rest are machine-sewed and nailed. The making of single pairs of fine shoes to order is a feature of the business, which is constantly increasing. Large quantities of shoes are shipped to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and orders are constantly filled from North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Ala-bama, Arkansas and Texas. This industry has revived the old Columbia tan-nery, which is a beneficial effect. The amount of leather consumed weekly is about one hundred sides of grain, twenty dozen of calf skins, twenty dozen of goat skins, one hundred sides of leather and a

quantity of other kinds.

A "speciality" is made of manufacturing to order shoes out of alligator hide and slippers out of rattlesnake skins. The "low country" ought to have a plenty of the latter article. They are tanned here and make very pretty goods.

This factory and the hoisery mill occupy This factory and the noisery mill occupy one building and present a very busy appearance. It is light work for the convicts and profitable to the State. In the basement of the same building the Penitentiary carpenter shops are located. A surprising amount of work is done here. All the wheel-barrows, buckets and woodenware of the institution is made here and well made too. A 50horse power engine was working smoothly and rapidly when I made my inspection to-day. The new women's prison was going up rapidly, the work on the canal was hurrying and everywhere activity and its results were apparent.—

Correspondence of the News and Courier.

Gentlemen do not Carry Pistols.

We have never seen a gentleman, a we have never seen a gentieman, a scholar, a person of politeness or refinement, while engaged in the duties of civil life, carry a weapon. We have rarely met an innate coward, brute, gambler, rough or "deadbeat," one who expects to carry himself through every controversy with a defiant temper and a scourging, slanderous tongue and come out of it "first best" whether he was out of it "first best" whether he was right or wrong, that did not carry a pistol. The class most unfit to carry weapons are the only men who carry them. When Garfield was attacked neither he nor Blaine, nor any other decent person present, had a weapon. Decent people never wear them. Mr. Blaine, its was as carreleashing it. Blaine's life was as completely in the hands of Guiteau as that of Garfield, if the whimsies of the miserable brute had run in the direction of taking it. The plea that the innocent ever need these weapons for defence against the natural weapons of either assassins, burglars or any such class is a false plea. The assassin or burglar is certain to be the only one of the two parties who will be armed. It is a question for grave consideration, therefore, whether all our constitutions should not be amended, the right of bearing arms should be abolished and a general disarming of all persons be enforced. All half-way measures, all attempts to decide who shall have arms according to moral characters are supremely ridiculous.—

- We are told that an eloquent divine at Lumpkin camp meeting last year, used the following expressive truth; "The wheels of the righteous shrick and groan as they toil up the hills of salva tion and over the ruts of temptation and over the bridge of damnation, and have to scrowdge pretty lively to get up at all, but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slips down to tarnation like a dose of oil, with a rip and a whiz,

animal." He paid full fare.

A GREAT CHARITY.

Convicts Itside and Outside of the Peni- The Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and

CEDAR SPRINGS, August 13 .- From the Revolution until now Cedar Springs has been a place of note in Spartanburg sort; now it is the seat of the South Carolina Institution for the education of he deaf and dumb and the blind. The juste of an Eastern college of high repute, nistory of the crigin and progress of this most Christian enterprise is deceply in-teresting to every one who feels the kindlings of a genuine philanthropy.

Mr. N. P. Walker, a native of Spar-

tanburg, and a gentleman of genius and great force of character, first had his penevolent interest awakened by the eloquent appeal of a deaf mute (related to his wife, I believe) handing him a manual alphabet. He formed a class for the instruction of mutes, and taught it awhile in connection with the ordinary ordinary school, and devoted his life henceforth to this great work. Success crowned his efforts. The State readily adopted the institution, the work of Mr. Walker's labor and genius.

The building is imposing and the postion commanding. When the other wing is added, it will be one of the best buildings of the State, admirably adapted to the uses for which it is designed. The rooms are commodious and admira-bly ventilated. The whole building is heated with radiators. Through the energy of Mrs. Virginia Eppes Walker, the accomplished wife of the present principal, Mr. Newton F. Walker, an air of freshness and tidiness and refined skeleton. Among his fellow-workers on comfort pervades this home. For it is the farm was a young man of about his comfort pervades this home. For it is each place, and the mortality attributa-ble to cach, since November 1, 1882; Penitentiary, 500 hands, 3 deaths; Georgetown and Lane's Railroad, 75 hands, 6 deaths; Cahill & Wise's camp, 145 hands, 9 deaths; Pringle's camp, 145 hands, 3 deaths; Seegers's farm, 25 hands, 1 death. to visit. Visitors here cannot but catch the spirit of the sweetest and purest

Upon the mantelpiece in the parlor is a bust of Laura Bridgman, made when she was 12 years of age by Mrs. Haw-thorne, (Sophia E. Peabody.) who was at one time a pupil of the fine sculptor, Clevinge. The story of Laura Bridgman is one of thrilling interest, bordering upon the miraculous. Smitten with scarlet fever, she was totally deprived of sight, hearing and of every sense, save only that of touch and a faint vestige of taste and smell. The highly gifted spirit of the little child was left imprisoned in the broken, tumble down house of a body so deplorably bereft. The noble Dr. Howe responded to the silent appeal of the little child with an enthusiasm which has made his name immortal, and has given one of the brightest crowns to | our peerless humanity. In Dickens's "American Notes" is the story of his visit to the Perkins Institution and his account of Laura Bridgman. "Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual development were beautifuly expressed in its graceful outline and ts broad, open brow." The fine bust of Laura is a gift to the institution from the venerable Peter C. Brooks, of Boston.

There is also in the parlor a magnifi-ent life-size portrait of the founder of Ceder Springs Institution, painted by Guerry. The position, the firm intellectual features inspired by the genius of benevolence, and especially the mouth indicating such strength and force of character, are life-like. He died in his forty-fifth year, in the very prime of his

Rarely is it permitted to so good and so great a work in so brief a the sight of dogs became frantic. When

and its duties.

The widow of this gifted man, Mrs. Martha L. Walker, and who by the ster-ling qualities of her chastened, cultured character contributed so largely to the success of her husband, so patient and so persistent in his work, is now living in Spartanburg with one of her daughters. His older son, Newton F. Walker is now the principal of the institution There could not be found a more suitable man for this great work in all the State. Familiar with it from his youth and in-Familiar with it from his youth and inheriting many of the gifts of his noble father, and filled with the spirit of progress and working under more favorable conditions than those enjoyed by his father, and being moved by a fine enthusians, he, together with his very efficient corps of teachers, is making this one of the very best institutions of the kind in the United States. I am sure that there corps of teachers, is making this one of the very best institutions of the kind in the United States. I am sure that there is not an intelligent, a liberal-minded citizen in the State that will not joyfully bid him and his co-workers God-speed .-Correspondence News and Courier

True Manliness.

Every young man considers it high praise to be called a "manly fellow;" and yet how many false ideas there are of manliness! Physical strength is the test. Samson was endowed with tremendous bodily powers. He was a grand specimen of humanity. See him rending a lion as easily as he would a kid, or carrying away the gates of Gaza! But he was a weak creature after all, unable to resist the wiles of an artful woman. Great intellect is not the test of true manhood. Some of the most intellectual men who have ever lived were not manly. Lord Francis Bacon was a prodigy of intellect. The sciences sat at his feet extolling him as their benefactor; yet we see him led down benefactor; yet we see him led down Tower Hill, a prisoner for swindling. Fast living is not true manliness. Some men think that to strut, and puff, and swear, is to be manly. To some the essentials of manliness are "to toss off their glass like a man," "spend money freely like a man," "smoke like a man," "drive a fast horse like a man," forgetting that virtue is true manlines." ing that virtue is true manliness. Temperance, chastity, truthfulness, fortitude and benevolence are the characteristics and essentials of manliness. To be manly is to be honest, generous, brave, noble and pure in speech and life. The highest form of manliness is godliness. Some one has said, "An bonest man is the noblest work of God;" but the man who is honest toward God and 'o'vard his fellow-man—in short a Cartalian man-is the noblest work of

but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slips down to tarnation like a dose of oil, with a rip and a whiz, and raises no dust whatever."

— "Isn't that pretty steep?" replied a man who was asking for a railroad ticket to Lansing yesterday morning. "Usual rate, sir." "But don't you sometimes make a discount?" "Sometimes—to clergymen. Are you a clergyman?" "Well not exactly," slowly replied the man as he attracted his ear, "but I recton I'm the next thing to it. I've stood by and seen my dog all chawed up and never wanted to lick the owner of the animal." He paid full fare.

— We are indebted to the New York Times for an explanation of the game of all yoo.' It is called a seaside game for rainy days, but it may be interesting anywhere. This is the game. 'Each player obtains a lump of sugar and places it on his or her knee upon a nickel, or a dime, or a quarter, or on \$100, if they feel so disposed. Then they gather in a circle, and the player upon whose lump the first for all the money from the others." The charm of this game is that it requires no mental effort. It exactly meets the requirements of dudes and dudesses of the summer resorts. and dudesses of the summer resorts.

THOUGHT HIMSELF A CAT. Strange Insanity of a California Man.

On Saturday night Deputy Sheriff Frank Moffatt, of Oakland, arrived here with an insane patient, whose case is one of the most extraordinary on record. The crazy man, Roger Williams, is about twenty-eight years of age, tall, and of extremely slender build. He is a gradand before his reason was overthrown he was recognized among his associates as a

He was employed in a professional capacity in San Francisco for some time, at one period studying hard for a doctor's diploma. He had several thousand dollars when he arrived in San Francisco from the East, but his health failing be was put to great expense in traveling to health resorts and paying for medical advice and medicine, so that his means were rapidly absorbed. Feeling unequal to steady work in the city, and knowing that with a diminished income he could not purchase the medical assistance he needed, he concluded to study his own disease and prescribe for himself.

It was with this view that he entered

the service of a physician of the lower city. The application proving too severe, he left his place, and, feeling that coun-try air and outdoor work would be the best tonic for his shattered system, he went to work on a farm in the vicinity o improve, but after three or four months he gave evidence of pulmonary disease, and there was also a wasting away of blood and tissue that left him almost a own age, who had served an apprentice-ship with a doctor. They became warm friends, and in their conversations it was suggested that Williams submit to an hope that he would gain strength by it. The instruments were secured, but no one could be found who was willing to be bled in behalf of Roger, and after some delay it was decided to use the blood of an animal. It was here that it was proved that a little learning is a daugerous thing. At first a calf was suggested as the blood supply, but finally it was decided to sacrifice a cat, or a

whole colony of cats.

The operation was performed, the blood being taken from a number of cats and injected into the veins of Williams. The experiment was to an extent successful. The man gained strength and had hope of ultimate recovery, but soon he began to brood over the consequences of incorporating the blood of cats into his own system, and so heavily did it weigh upon his mind that his friends feared for his sanity. He refused to go to bed, saying that he believed he was being transferred into a cat, and preferred to sleep on a rug before the fire.

At night, when not asleep, he would wander about the house, jumping the garden fence until tired out, when he would climb to the roof and perch on the chimney. He sought the seciety of the chimney. He sought the society of other cats, and at intervals would try to other cats, and at intervals would try to fight with them, only succeeding, how-ever, in scaring them away, when he would retire to the house until rested. He manifested the greatest terror of broom-handles and bootjacks, and at last his mania so grew on him that he was confined until examined for commitment to the asylum. During the examination he showed wonderful propensity for jumping, several times running on allfours and jumping over the doctors.

Once he jumped through the window, taking the sash with him, and until he was put in a straight-jacket could not be kept still. All the time of his antics he kept up an ear piercing mewing, and at time. He raised here a memorial to the honor of the State, which will be the more appreciated and admired as we advance towards higher ideals of life the window, and he was strapped to the window, and he was strapped to the seat. At the depot here he got loose and tried to escape under the platform, but was finally lodged in a place of safe keeping. It was not certain whether the cat blood set him crazy, or whether a pre-existing mental weakness rastened upon the incidents of transfusion to set im completely crazy.

Strange Beath of a Physician.

CHICAGO, August 12.-Dr. Frank I. prickling sensation on the left side of his upper lip. He went down stairs to a druggist, and asked him to pluck a hair out of his moustache over the place of the place of the pain. The druggist complied with the request, and, when he had plucked the hair, Rea looked at its bulbless end, and said : "Mr. Jacobson, that is the last of me;

it is a facial carbuncle. I will lock up my office, bid you good-bye, and go home

The druggist laughed at him, but the young physician locked his door and went away, leaving a card that he did not know when he would return. He went at once to his uncle's house and

ding:
"I am done for. I will never have another well day, and will be dead in ten days."
The family laughed at him, and he re-

"Carbuncle started on my lip. I know

his approaching death and made all his plans. Everything was done to distract his attention, but without avail. The sore was opened and cauterized. A week ago last Friday another pimple appeared about the same time on the other side of mained indifferent for a day or two.
The doctor's temperature then arose to 134 and his pulse to 140. He went to bed on Monday and was in a comatose condition from that time until he died five days later. Death was due to the facial veins absorbing the poison of the sore and carrying it to the brain, where to sleep, and, by the sympathy of the nerves, caused his features to swell beyond recognition, the eyes being pried almost out of the sockets.

Young, old, and middle-aged men and vomen get health and strength by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

- Guard well your thoughts, they are heard in Heaven.

Business Troubles

In our judgment the great difficulty, iffecting more or less every department of trade, is that too many people have been living upon the resources of the country without contributing anything to the common supply. The bulk of the non-producers may be divided into two classes—the idlers and the speculators. The number of those who are idle has largely increased. There was a time outside of large cities and a few families which in this respect tried to ape the foreign aristocracy, the great body of the people of mature years and n good health expected to work in some form to earn their own living. In a great majority of families the only idlers were the very young, the very aged and the infirm. The father and mother and the infirm. The father and mother and all the children except the infantic class contributed something to the common stock. The mother was generally the most persistent toiler of the family. In the little ones, she did cooking, washing, making, mending, and sometimes lent a hand in the shop or field. Stout boys and girls did not eat the bread of idleness; even when at school during the day they carned their food by active in-dustries in the morning and evening hours. With nimble feet and ready

hands they helped both father and mother in the toilsome tasks of life. How greatly this has changed! Substi-tutes must now be found for the mistress of the family in the care of the house hold. The daughters must be waited upon instead of waiting on others. The sons are looking for employment which will give them a living without the oldfashioned manual labor, and if they earn a few dollars a week the sum is hardly sufficient for their little dissipations and personal adornments. Instead of a whole family lending their aid to the common thrift one pair of shoulders is expected to bear the burden of the household life, and to furnish the wages for one or more "help," now largely employ-ed in waiting on the helpless members, too indolent or fashionable to help them-

The change which has inflicted the greatest injury has been in the methods by which the head of the family has sought to carry this increasing burden. It is not so much the haste to be rich as the desire to support a family in these changed conditions, which has driven so changed conditions, which has griven so many into a life of speculation. In former days the speculators were few, and the regular dealers were the many, who by their industry and enterprise earned all the profit that came to them. The farmer who produces a large crop of wheat or corn or cats or cetter on a wheat, or corn, or oats, or cotton on a Western harvest field or a Southern plantation, would be almost helpless in the turning of his product if the trader will not come forward and intervene to find him a market. In like manner the producer of hogs and cattle, or their products in lard, nams, pork, beef, tallow and the like, need the dealer to convertheir stores into ready money. The middle man, therefore, was as much a producer as he who held the plow, or

aised the droves and herds. When we had in this city only five hundred or a thousand merchants in the bread stuffs, provision and cotton trade there were occasional ventures on their part that were of a speculative character, but we could count on our fingers the whole number of prominent men who sought to live by speculation. Now of the 4,000 who meet daily at the Produce or Cotton Exchange a large production of whom are supposed to handle these and kindred articles of merchandise, the majority make their largest operations solely in the spirit of gambling. They are not helping the farmer or the planter to convert his grain or his cotton into ize on the product of the slaughter house; they are really betting with some other dealer as to the future course of

The great trend of trade all over the country is into this class of operations. For every five million bales of cotton produced there are twenty million bales sold annually in this market alone. According to the report of the Cotton Exchange, there were contracts during the last three years in this city for 85,396,900 hales of cotton, of which only 1,581,114 actually changed hands, 378,370 being for export. Eighty-five million bales sold, of which only a million a half were actually handled and delivered! And so of every other product. A large part of sign, a large growth had delivered. When tions thus fostered can hardly be overestimated. The cure will not come from legislation nor from the force of public opinion. If it comes at all, it will be from the natural out working of the evil itself. When the risk is too great for any hope of profit, and the tickets drawn all come in blanks, the operators will betake themselves to a more promising occupation. But not until more people in this country earn their own living than are now actively engaged in that profitable service there can be for us no permanent prosperity.—N. Y. Journal of

Noah's Ark Preserved in a Glacler.

It is announced from Constantinople The family laughed at him, and he retorted by drawing out his diary and writting this: a gigantic structure of gopher wood, in "Carbuncle started on my lip. I know what it means. No post mortem, if you please.

Beneath the entry were two numbers corresponding to page in a standard startly suggested Noah's Ark, it was Beneath the entry were two numbers corresponding to pages in a standard author, in which the remarkable fatality of the disease is spoken of. The doctor had got his intimate acquaintance of the disease by treating the case of a fellow student, Mr. Eagle, which ended fatally at the hospital a year ago. After making the entry he persisted in talking of his approaching death and made all his plans. Everything was done to distract plorers secured an entrance. Hence its length was not ascertained by actual measurement. The commissioners say that it is Noah's Ark. The Pall Mall Gazette, which is fully as reliable as the his lip. A day or two afterward it was Turkish commission, states that an opened and cauterized. The disease re- American was soon on the spot. and American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have been entered into with the local Pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States.

> - Dr. Prime has found an odd monu ment in Northern New York. A good man had lived happily with an excellent wife until they were well on in years, when she died. He bethought him of some fitting memorial to place over her grave, and the happy thought struck him that the square stove, by which they had been comfortable
>
> MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncoult, willful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of which they had been comfortable through many long winters, would be just what she would like to have if she had a voice in the matter. He had the stove taken to the churchyard and placed over the remains of his companion, who sleeps quietly underneath it.

What a Lie Did

"I once had an example of how well it is to tell the truth," said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for Governor of Arkansas. "Sometime ago I was traveling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. never a brave man, and I was not in the

least surprised upon discovering that I was scared. Every rustle of the leaves, every sudden cry of a bird, startled me. I couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as I remembered a man, who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the ghastly face was recalled, and I turned sick,

when the gaping wound in his throat came up with startling verisimilitude.

"While I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to force with two prospects." face to face with two men who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grapevine, and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding sent thrill, like a streak of icewater, up my back. I saw at once that they were deback. I saw at once that they would not perate men, and felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Flight was out of the question, for any such move on my part would, I was convinced, prove certein death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and assum-ing what I fancied was an unconcerned expression, I said, 'good morning.'
"How are you?" they replied. "Going

"I don't know that it is any of your buriness," I replied. "I don't want any trouble with you, for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of

"A bad man, I reckon," said one of the desperadoes.
"At one time I could not have denied

such an accusation; but, as I tell you, I have resolved never to kill another man. hope that you will not molest me.'

"Hold on podner?"
"I've got no time to talk."
"But hold on! What's your name?" "I'm Bill Potson, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I

my resolve."

"Do as you like about your resolve,"
said the taller of the desperadoes. "I'd
like to give you a bit of advice. I don't
know who you are, but I know that you
are not Bill Potson, the robber."

"How do not know?" "How do you know?"
"Because, I am Bill Potson, and this is

my brother."
"Oh, Lord!" I supplicated, "have

"Climb off that horse, Cap; I reckon we'd better hang you right here." "I begged but I saw no mercy in their

"I begged but I saw no mercy in their eyes, I prayed, but I heard no answer.

"I'll teach you how to go around the country, committing depredations, and iaying them on to me! Fine man, you are! Stole this horse, I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him up right here."

"Oh, my kind friends! I never committed any depredations. I am a candidate for Governor of Arkansas, and am on my way to meet an opponent at a place my way to meet an opponent at a place of discussion. You wouldn't hang a Governor would you? Just think of what your State would lose!"

"Who is your opponent?" "Col. Blacket.

"What sort of a fellow is he?" "He's a bad man."
"Are you well acquainted with him?"
"I never saw him but I know he is a

or at least will soon exhibit more capacity for executive duties than you can pos-sibly show. In short, he'll be the live-

iliest man pretty soon."

"They put the rope around my neck. I prayed in vain. I asked the Lord to forgive my sins and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn up."

"If I let you go will you promise never again to use by name."

again to use by name."
"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything for you, and when I'm elected Governor I'll pardon you."
"All right, you may go this time.

actually handled and delivered! And so of every other product. A large part of the trading of the country has come to be the mere changing of a nominal title to a lot of merchandise which is never to come into the hands of either buyer or seller. This class of dealers add nothing to the material wealth of the country, and the injurious effects of the speculations thus fostered can hardly be used. me of taking his name. He was my opponent. I could not face the crowd, and left as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a joke. At the election I was defeated by an overwhelming majority."—Arkanzas Travekr.

Washing Away the Earth.

No particle of sand which goes down into the sea ever comes back. Yet the particles leave the surface of the earth every second and are carried, suspended in the waters of more than twenty thousand rivers, out into the oceans. There are more than a hundred streams, classed on the many as rivers in Louisane There are more than a hundred streams, classed on the maps as rivers, in Louisana aloue. Each one of these has several hundred creeks, brooks and spring branches tributary to it. Each brook or spring branch, with its countless rivulets, clasps the hillsides and drags down the surfaces thereof—down into the brooks
—down into the creeks—down into the rivers—down into the creeks—down into the rivers—down into the ocean. And there the atoms rest patiently; each atom waiting for its sisters and its cousins and its aunts still lingering in the fields and on the fields and on the fields and on the fields and to the sea. This process has been going on since the time when "the world was without form and void;" whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated and spread abroad in fertile fields; whereby the fertile fields are slowly being washed back into the oceans; whereby the bottom of the ocean is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to form other fields whereon cotton and wheat—or something or other will grow. This is the very apotheosis of "demnition grind." He who originated that phrase spoke rivers-down into the ocean. And there the very apotheosis of "demnition grind."
He who originated that phrase spoke more scientifically than he knew. Life, animate and inanimate, is simply a grinding down of the higher parts and the distribution thereof in the hollow. The final outcome of earth, after millions of years, must be something in the uature of a large billiard ball whirling through the sky, with nothing in the world on it except a smooth, dead surface.